



RHYMES FOR KINDLY CHILDREN

ETHEL FAIRMONT
ILLUSTRATED BY
"JOHNNY GRUELLE"

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By ETHEL FAIRMONT



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The Kindly Children Book

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Rhymes by
ETHEL FAIRMONT

Illustrated by
JOHNNY GRUELLE



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*To the kindest little boy
I ever knew,
WILBUR L. CORRIN,
this book is lovingly
dedicated.*

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Revised Edition

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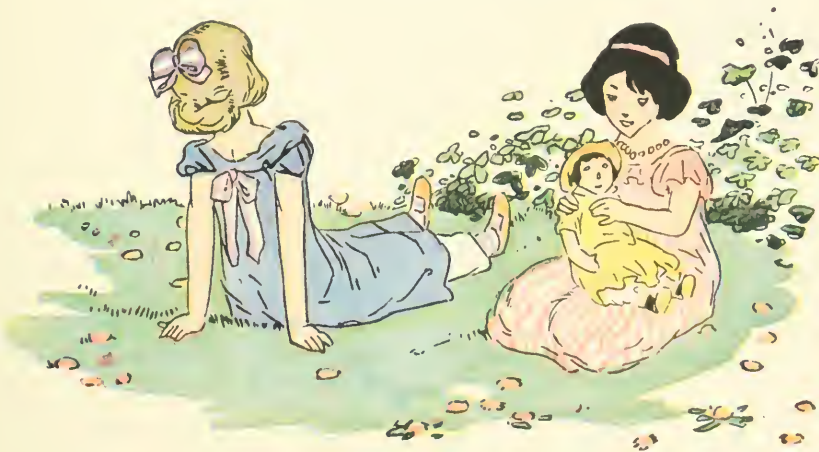


Preface

SO MANY things a child should know!
But *first*, he ought to learn
That Kindly Children live to *love*,
And *joy* is their return.

Now he who would be very kind,
Perceives his brother's needs;
And every signal of distress
His loving spirit heeds.

Those children who are taught to love
And call all creatures "Brothers,"
Soon grow to be more thoughtful
Of their *mothers* and *all others*.





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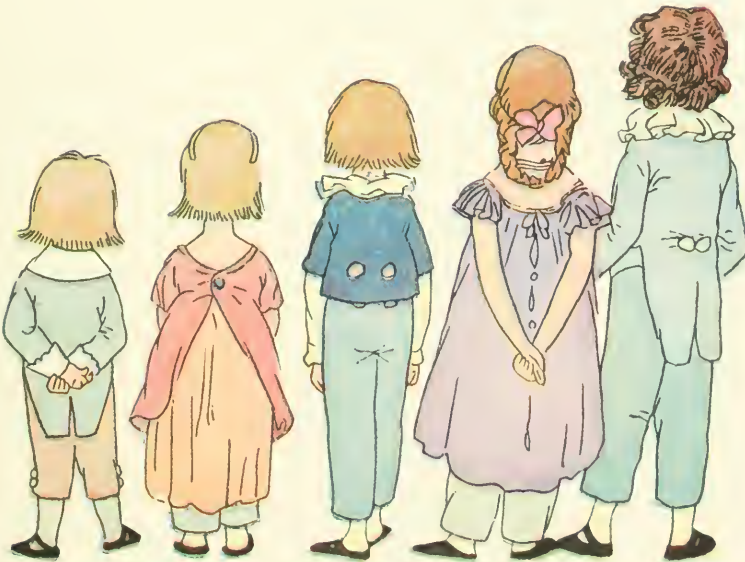
Mrs. Bundy's Stair Steps

MRS. BUNDY
Has five children;
Do, Ray, Mee, Fah, So!
And they are
The *dearest* children
You would care to know.

All so well-bred,
And so gentle
Everywhere they go;
Each one
Just a little taller—
Do, Ray, Mee, Fah, So!

* * * *

(Oh, I almost know the scale now!)



Thoughtful Fred

MY MOTHER
Says I should be kind,
Said little Fred
To Doris Fay.
She says that
I should try to do
Some bit of kindness
Every day.
I save my mother
Many steps,
And often help
My father;
For when you know
You're being kind,
Such things
Are *not a bother*.

* * * *

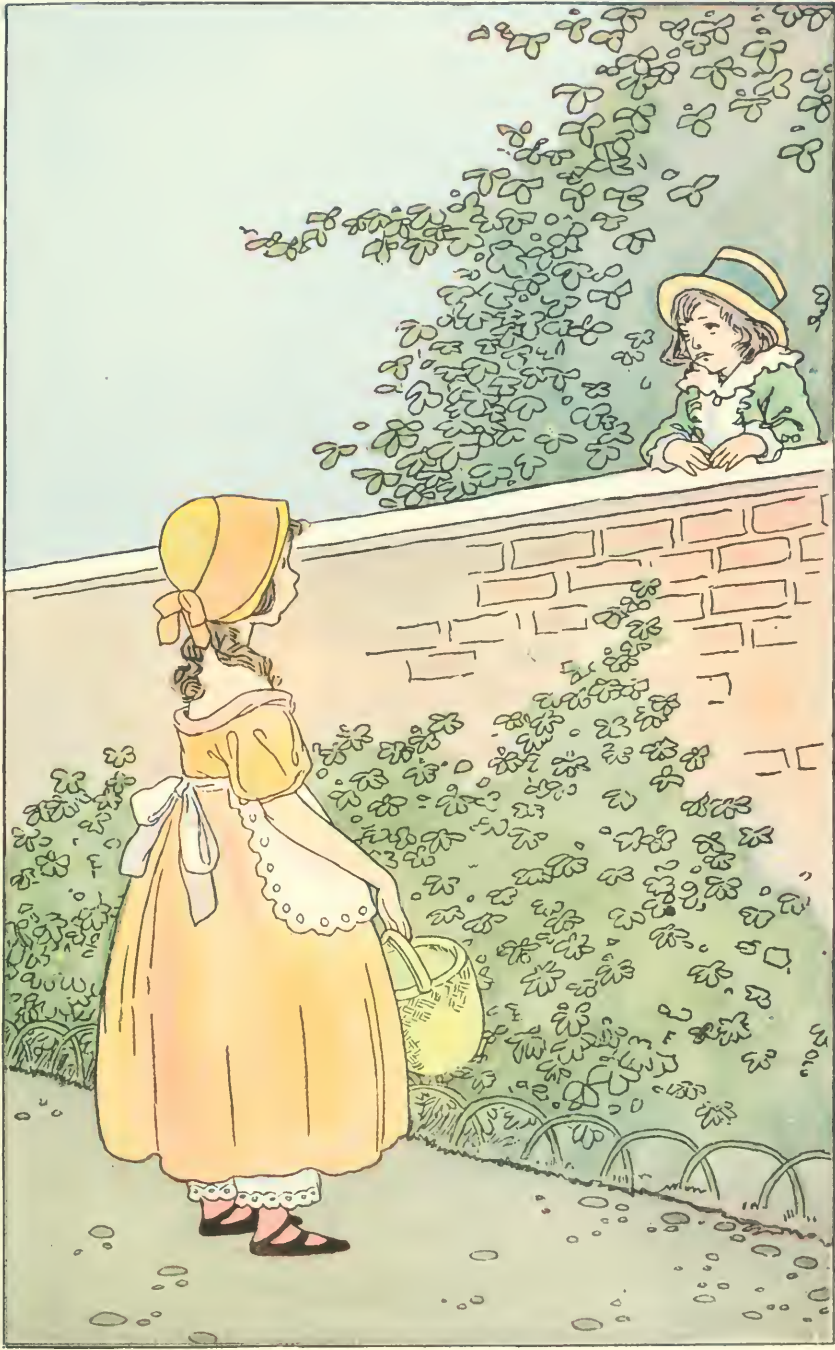
(That's so,—isn't it?)

Something to Remember

NOW that I am growing tall,
I'm big enough to *THINK*—I hope—
And not say “Yeh” when I mean “Yes,”
And to say “No,” instead of “Nope.”

* * * *

(Yes, I can remember to say “No!”)



The Harmful Hitting Habit

Kindly Child:

MAY I have a hobby horse?
Oh, how I should like it!

Kindly Mother:

You may have a hobby horse,
If you will not *strike* it.
Not that you could hurt the wood,
Nor pain a painted rabbit—
But Kindly Children should not learn
The harmful hitting habit.

* * * *

(A *good* habit is just as easy to learn as
a *bad* habit.)





Stingy Archibald

HAVE you ever met
Stingy Archibald Bassett—
Who always has candy,
And never will *pass it*?
If I were his conscience,
I surely would chide him;
If I were his parent,
I know I would hide him.

A Question

WHEN you go
To get a drink,
Do you ever
Stop to think
That dogs and cats,
And horses, too—
Get just as thirsty,
Dear, as YOU?
They cannot turn
A faucet,—so—
All warm and thirsty
They must go;
Oh, did you ever
Stop to think—
They cannot ASK you
For a drink?

* * * *

(Who's going to put out a dish of water
for the animals?)



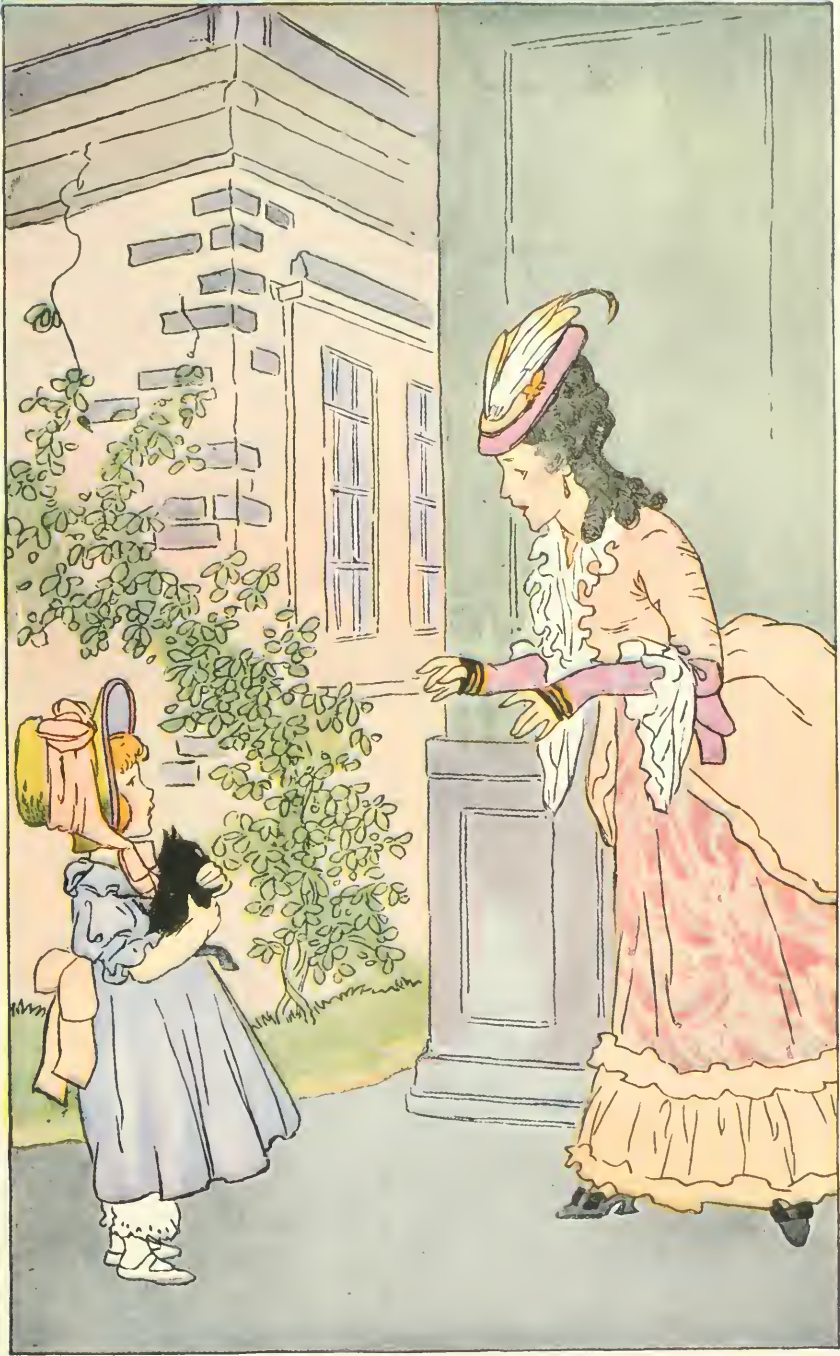
The Lost Kitten

MERCY found a kitten crying,
A tiny kitten, soft as silk!
Mercy said: "It's *lost*, I'm sure,
I will get it some warm milk.

"Listen, mother, now it's purring!
We have so much room to spare;
Kitty has no home at all—
It doesn't seem quite fair."

* * * *

(Now just suppose that *you* might be
This small, helpless ball of fur,—
Lost from mother,—would you still
Be *brave* enough to purr?)





The Untidy Children

WHAT do you think of a little boy
Who would not wash his face?
Don't you think he ought to be
Considered in disgrace?

I know a rather careless girl,
She's very *vain*,—and yet—
Each day they must remind her—
Her tooth-brush *isn't wet*.

Once there was a little boy
Who had such dirty hands,
That he was really only fit
To live in heathen lands.

The Cry Baby

O H, BOO-HOO Baby,
What a face!
Look up and smile at me;
A Boo-hoo baby
Never is
A pretty sight to see.
Your mother loves you, —
There's no doubt;
The neighbors like you . . . *maybe!*
Oh, please remember
It is hard
To love a Boo-hoo baby.

* * * *

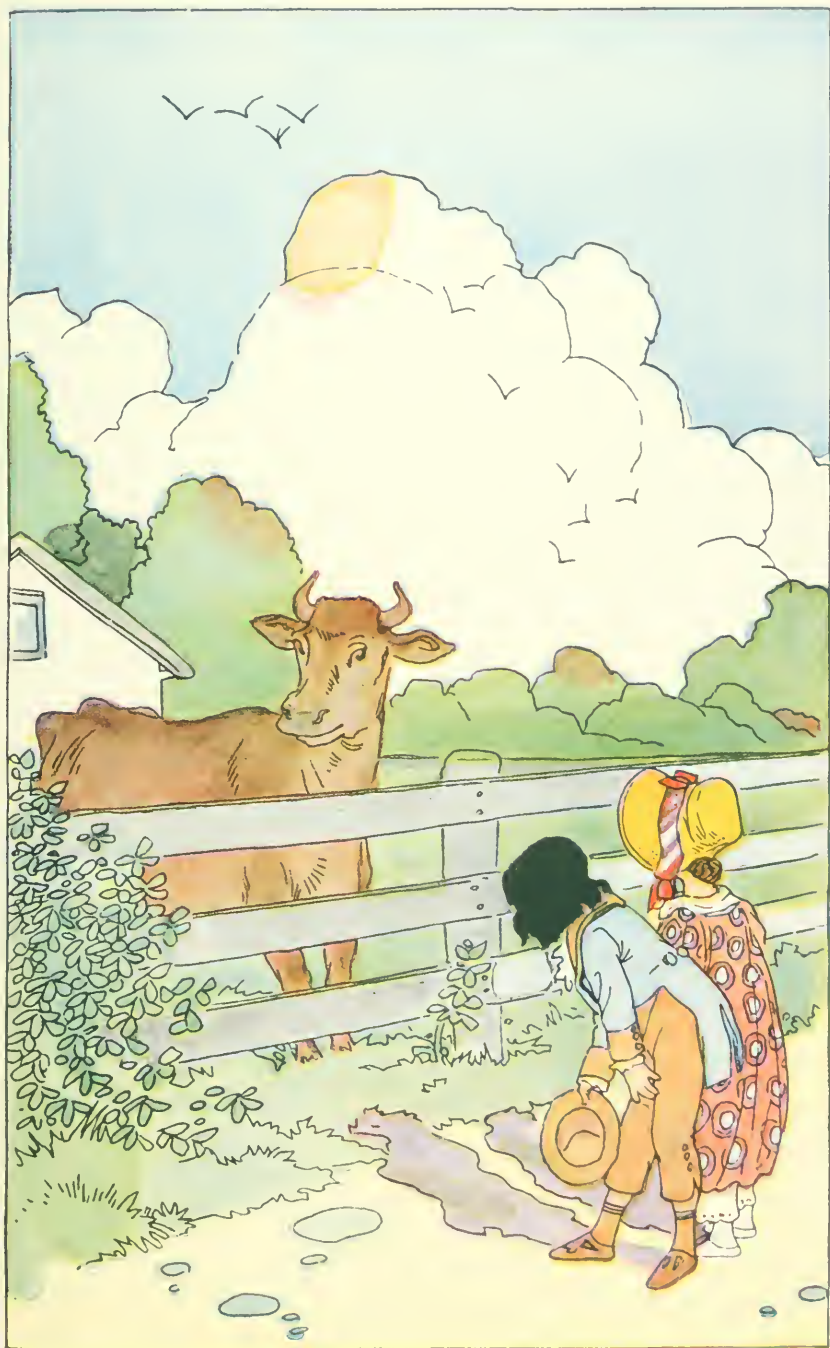
(If you don't believe *me*, look in the
looking-glass!)



The Useful Cow

I NEVER thought of it
Till now—
How much we *owe*
The faithful cow.
I'll be polite to her,
I think,
Because she gives me
Milk to drink.

She gives me milk
So nice and sweet,
And now whene'er a cow
I meet;
With great respect
I'll stand aside,
And let her pass—
All glorified.



The Harmless Outing

LET'S go away
To the woods today,
To hunt,"
Said heartless Thomas.
"I'll go with you,"
Said Willie Drew,
"If you'll make me a promise.
We'll take no gun—
Just play and run—
And now give me your promise
Not to molest
One single nest."
"All right,"
Said guilty Thomas.



The Tired Girl

JESSIE MAY
J Can play all day,
From morning
Until night;
At tag, I spy,
And run-sheep-run,
She romps
With all her might.
She'll race on skates,
And roll her hoop,
And play
And play for hours—
But when the dishes
Are not done,
She *wills*
Like fading flowers.



A Better Game

OVER from Holland
Two children came,
To visit their cousin,
Hans Whats-his-name.
“What shall we play?”
Said one to his brother,
“Let’s play have a war,”
Replied the other.
“Oh, no, let’s be *friends*,—
That’s a *better* game!”
Said lovable, little
Hans Whats-his-name.



Feeding the Birds

HOWDY, HOWDY,
Dickey-bird!
How does *your* world go?
Have you had enough to eat?
I should like to know.

When you know us,
Dickey-bird,
You will have no fear;
You will know that all the birds
Have friends living here.

Crumbs and bird-seed.
I'll put out,
And water in a pan;
Come again and bring your friends,
Every time you can.



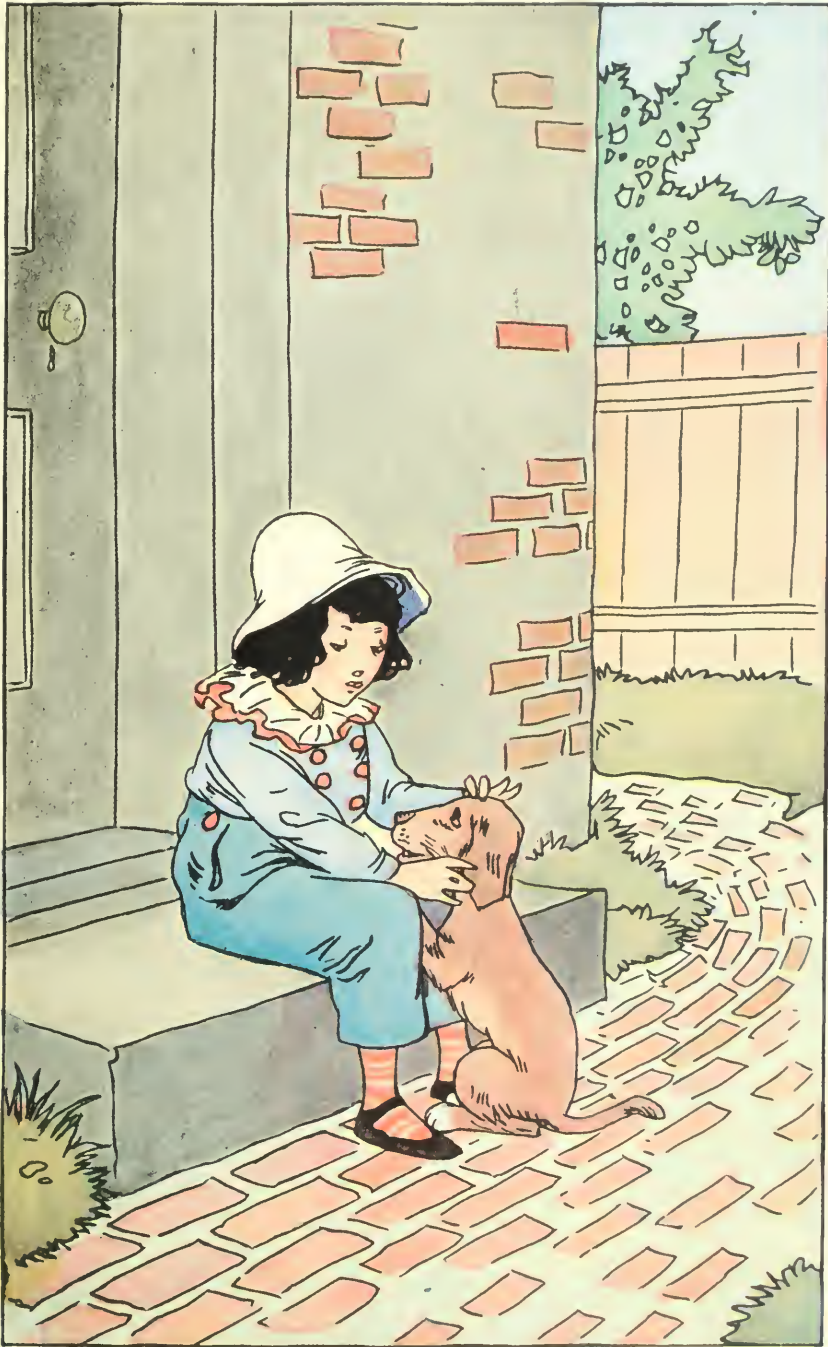
The Kindly Rule

MY TEACHER
Says that animals
Deserve the best of fare;
Clean beds,
Fresh water, healthful food,
And very loving care.

And when their eyes
Look up to me—
Such deep and trusting eyes—
I wonder
How can one forget,
Or treat them otherwise.

* * * *

(Treat animals as YOU would like to be
treated if you were one of them!)





The Courteous Favorite

LITTLE Georgette
Is the neighborhood pet;
Her heart is kind and true—
She always says: “*Please,*”
For everything,
And always says:
“*Thank you,*” too;
And just for
The very slightest mistake,
She quickly begs pardon of you.

* * * *

(Sometimes she says: “*Pardon me,*”—or
“*I’m sorry!*” or “*I beg your pardon.*”)

The Silly Snob

A VAIN and much-spoiled child
Is Milly.

The way she acts

Is very silly;

When out walking Milly goes,

She laughs at other people's clothes.

That is not right,

For Milly might

Be poor *herself*—

Some day,—*who knows?*



The New Bonnet

WHEN I grow up,"
Said Geraldine,
"And buy a brand new bonnet,
I will be most particular
To have no feathers on it.
I much prefer
The birds *alive*—
I shouldn't care
To wear them;
When they come near,
And chirp to me—
I never even scare them."

* * * *

(Think of wearing dead birds on your hat!)



A Fine Neighbor

A KINDLY Scotch laddie
Lives out our way—
His name is Jack MacNeery;
He calls his mother,
“Mother, dear,”
And calls his sister, “Dearie.

This laddie is honest,
And *keeps his word*—
He wouldn't stoop to prying;
If he falls down, he is very *brave*,
You'd never see *him* crying!



The Wistful Waif

EDWARD found a homeless dog,
Roaming on the street;
Edward took the poor dog home
And gave him food to eat.
Quite unhappy seemed the waif—
He whined and sadly fretted;
But soon they found out what was wrong,—
He wanted to be *petted*.
With grateful eyes and wagging tail,
He barked: “I have a notion
That I’ll adopt this nice, kind boy,
And give him my devotion.”



The Road to Happytown

IS THIS the road
To Happytown?
We're lost . . .
And getting nowhere;
Is it uphill
All the way?
How long will it
Take us to go there?

The road, my dears,
To Happytown,
Is short,
If you will take it;
By being kind,
You'll surely find
The road is as short
As *YOU* make it.





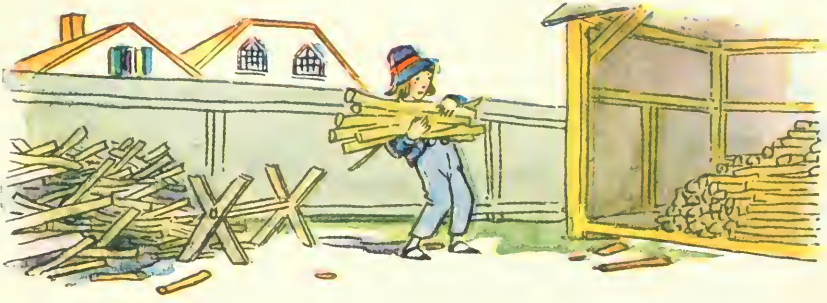
Piggy-Wiggy Willie

PIGGY-WIGGY Willie Randy
Ate too much ice-cream and candy;
He lay awake all night and cried,
With a pain somewhere *inside*.

* * * *

(And he kept everyone *else* awake, too!)



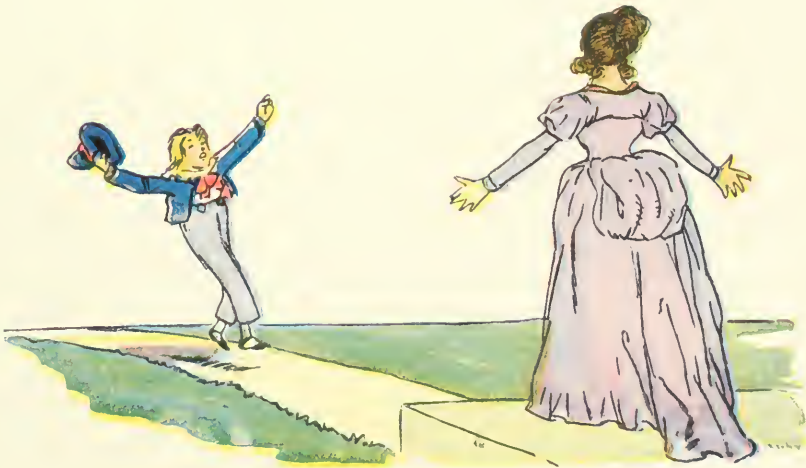


The Proud Mother

JACK DO-WELL'S mother
Is very proud
Of her son's ability.
He worked today—
Earned ten cents pay
For his kind agility.

* * * *

(Ten cents is a *lot* of money, isn't it?)



The Kindly Express

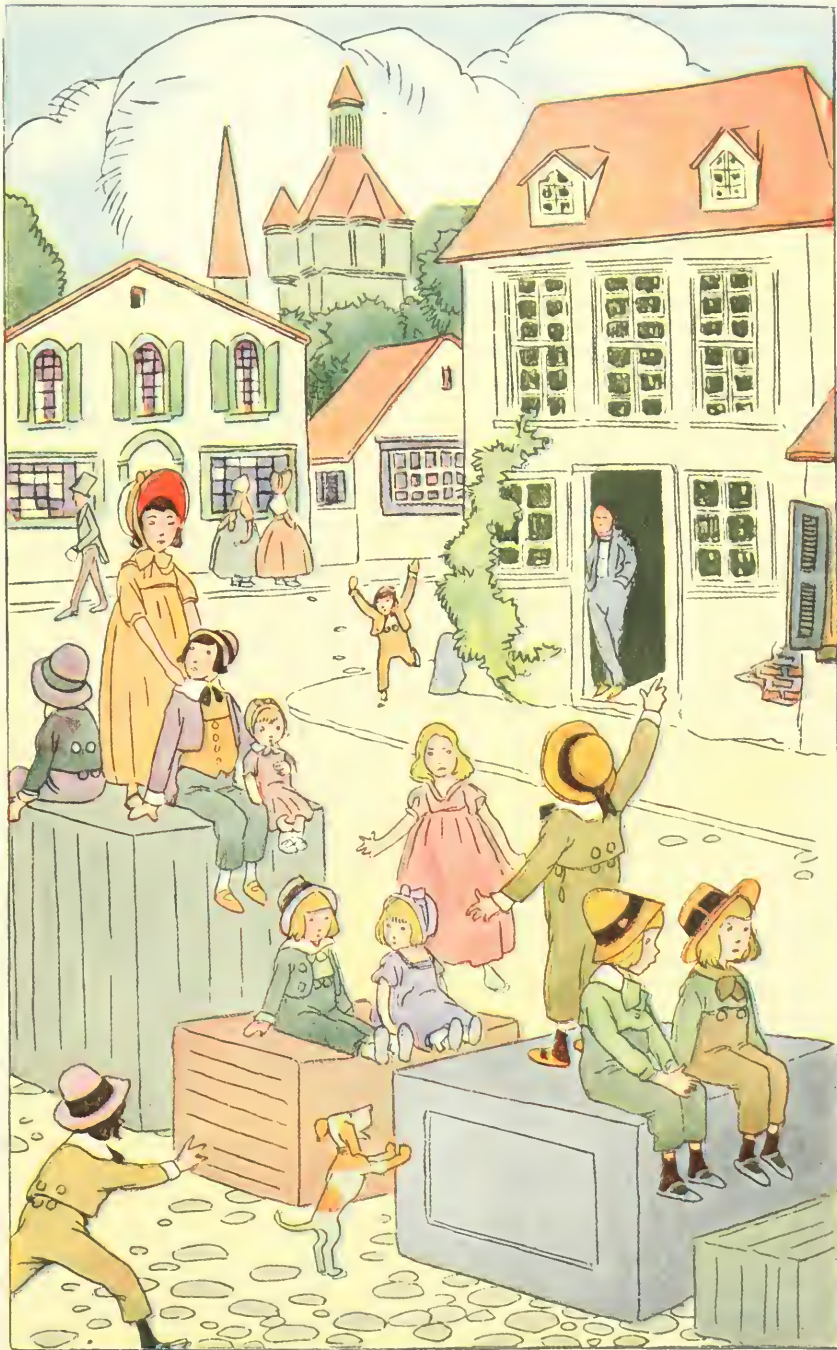
(For Kindly Children Only)

ALL aboard, right here,
For the Kindly Farm!
Ding-dong,—there's the bell—
Ding-dong!
We're off for a ride
On the Choo-choo car,
Step lively, all aboard,
Come along!

Come along, come quick,
If you want to see
The fields,
Where the Moo-cows are!
If you want to go
Where the apple trees grow,
All aboard,
On the Choo-choo car!

* * * *

(Be careful there, and hold tight!)



Timothy Timkins!

TIMOTHY TIMKINS

Is very smart;
He thinks with his head,
And he thinks with his heart.
He is very polite
To his sister and brother,
And jumps up to give
His own chair to his mother.

* * * *

(How-do-you-do, Timothy, I'm pleased to
meet you!) _____

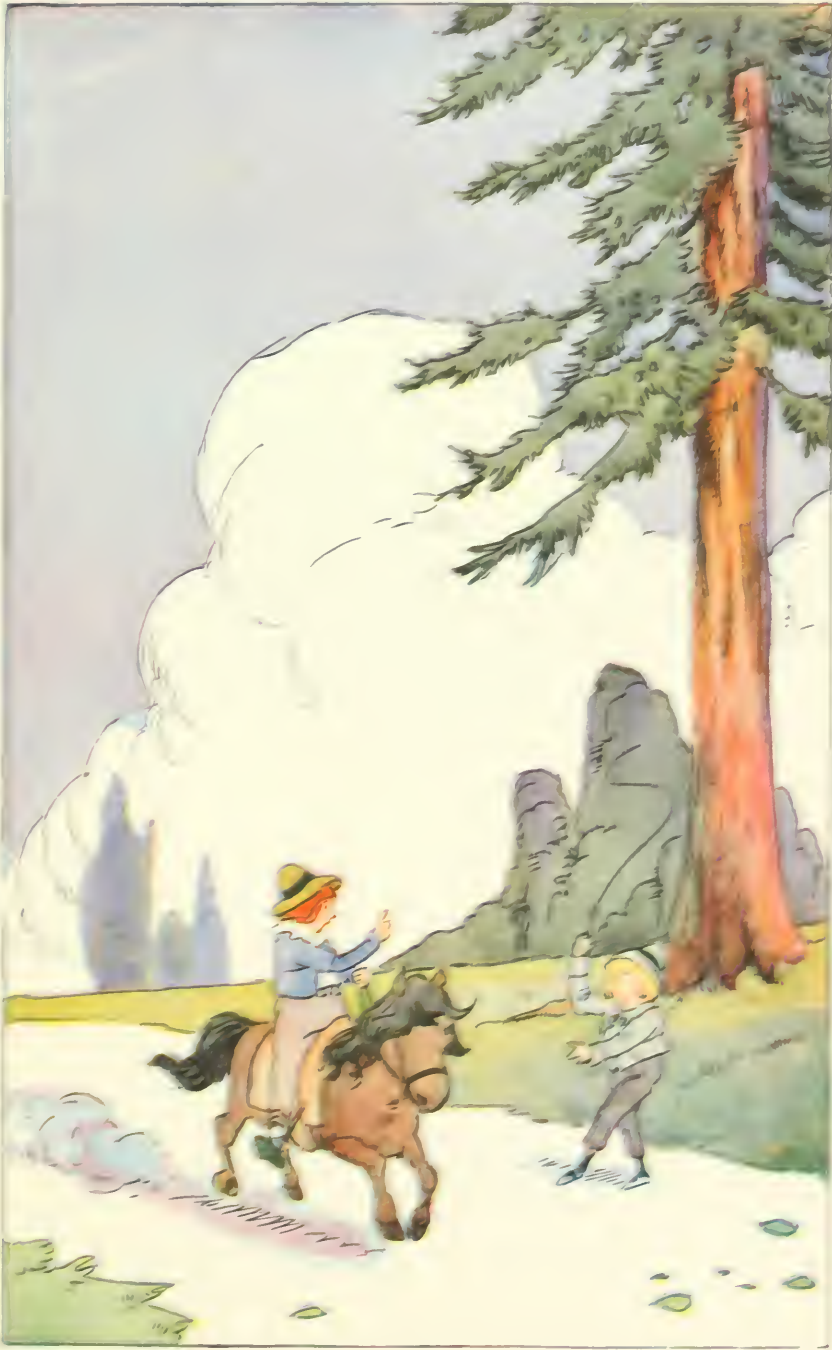
Good-Hearted Sadie

NOW listen to me
With both of your ears—
I am going to tell you
A story,
About a dear lady,
Called good-hearted Sadie,
Whose smile was her charm
And her glory.
She lived a long time
And she did lots of good—
And that's *why*
I'm telling this story;
She found joy in giving,
She found joy in living,
And that was her charm
And her glory.



The Pet Pony

SAMMY KINDLY
Has a pony —
Roly-poly,
Sleek and fat:
A bad boy
Waved a whip at him,
And Sammy said:
"Now, don't do that!
This pony
Is my very own:
I never use a whip, —
I find,
If I speak to him
Just right,
I can always
Make him mind."





The Little Stay-up

ONCE there was a little girl
Who would not go to bed;
Each night
She got a scolding—
This wilful sleepy-head.

She'd fall asleep right in her chair,
Which was a great mistake;
Next day,
Instead of feeling *fine*—
She could not keep awake.

A Love Song

SING a song
Of happiness—
What shall it be?
Bruno is my steady pal,
His heart belongs to *me*.
I love *him*,
And *he* loves *me*;
We're happiest together;
Bruno is my loyal friend,
In all kinds of weather.



Slow-Poke and Dilly-Dally

SLOW-POKE
And Dilly-dally,
Why do you dawdle so?
You're always
Half an hour late,
Everywhere you go.

If you would only
Stop to think,
You'd know that it is wrong.
How would YOU
Like to have to wait,
While some old Slow-poke *pokes* along?

The Unpretty Frown

PRETTY Dorothy Margy Brown,
Wrinkled her forehead
Up in a frown—
Scowled and glared,
As if she were mad—
It was a *habit* Dorothy had!
And all the people passing by
Stopped and stared,
And said: "Oh, my!
Look at that angry
Cross-patch child—
She really seems quite queer and wild!"

* * * *

(And she *wasn't*, at all!)



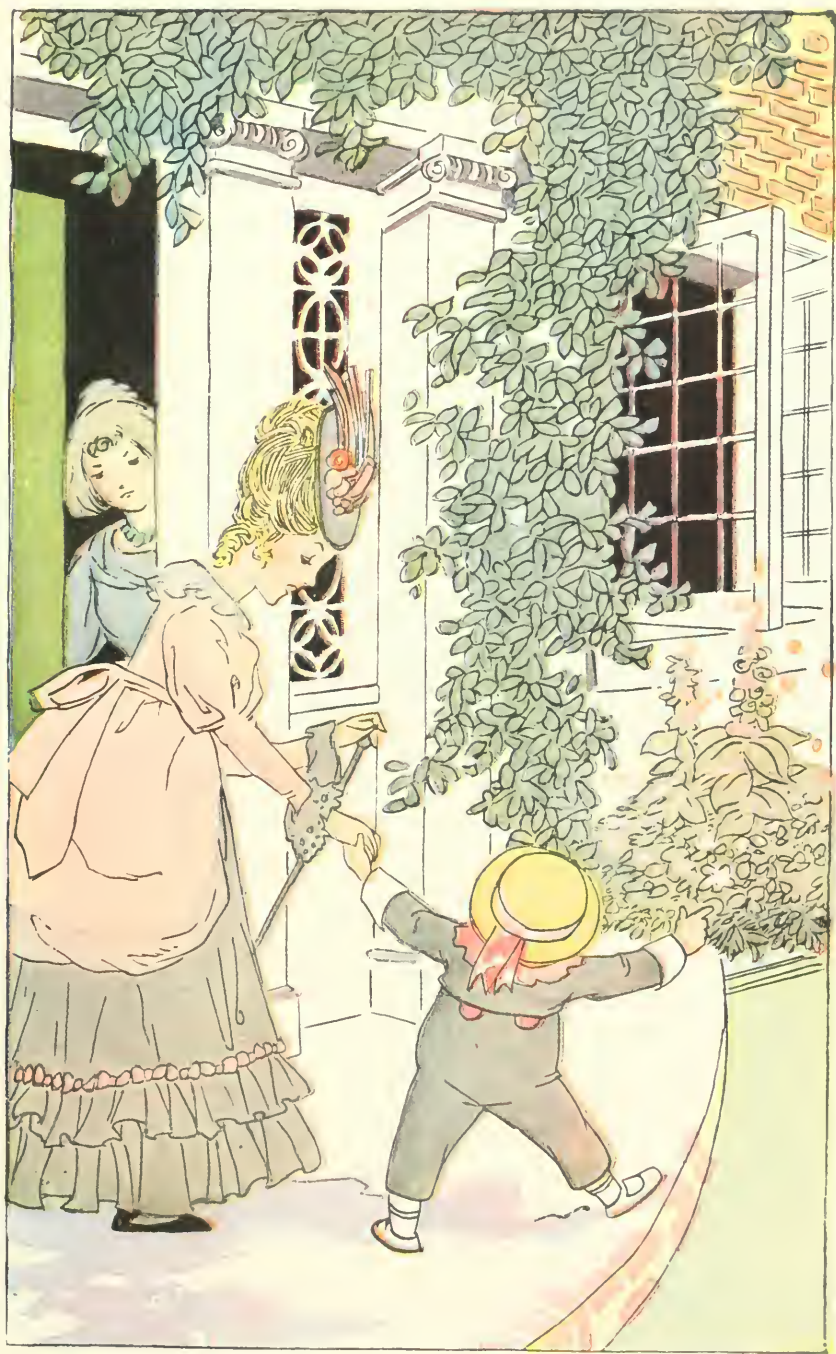
Good and Bad Visitors

SOME little boys such rowdies are —
While some are perfect gentlemen;
Of one they say: "I'm glad he's gone!"
The other they ask back again.

When Henry's mother takes him out
To visit with her friends,—you know—
He fidgets all the time and cries:
"Oh, let's go home! I want to go!"

But Dick is such a different lad—
He does not touch the bric-a-brac;
He never cries nor *interrupts*—
And so they always ask him back.





The Forgetful Child

I MET a wan woman who looked
rather sad.
(She might have been pretty, if she had
looked glad!)

She said, with sobs,
“My poor heart throbs,
For I’ve a child,
A thoughtless child,
A most forgetful member;
Have *you* a child,
A thoughtless child—
Or does *your* child remember?”

I’ve scolded until I’m too tired to scold,
I’ve punished and pleaded until I feel old;
Oh, dear,” she cried,
“It hurts my pride
To have a child—
A careless child,
Who never does remember—
But you should see
How good he’ll be,
The middle of December!”

* * * *

(He can *remember* when Christmas is
coming!)





The Careless Nail-Biter

LETTY bites her finger-nails,
Such a *dreadful* thing to do!
She bites them down until they hurt—
They look so horrid, too!

If she were a careful child,
She'd have her hands look pretty,
But she doesn't seem to care—
Isn't that a pity!

The Torn Dress

JANE fell down
And tore her dress;
And cried
And cried and cried.
“Crying will not
Mend your dress,”
Said Betty,
At her side.

* * * *

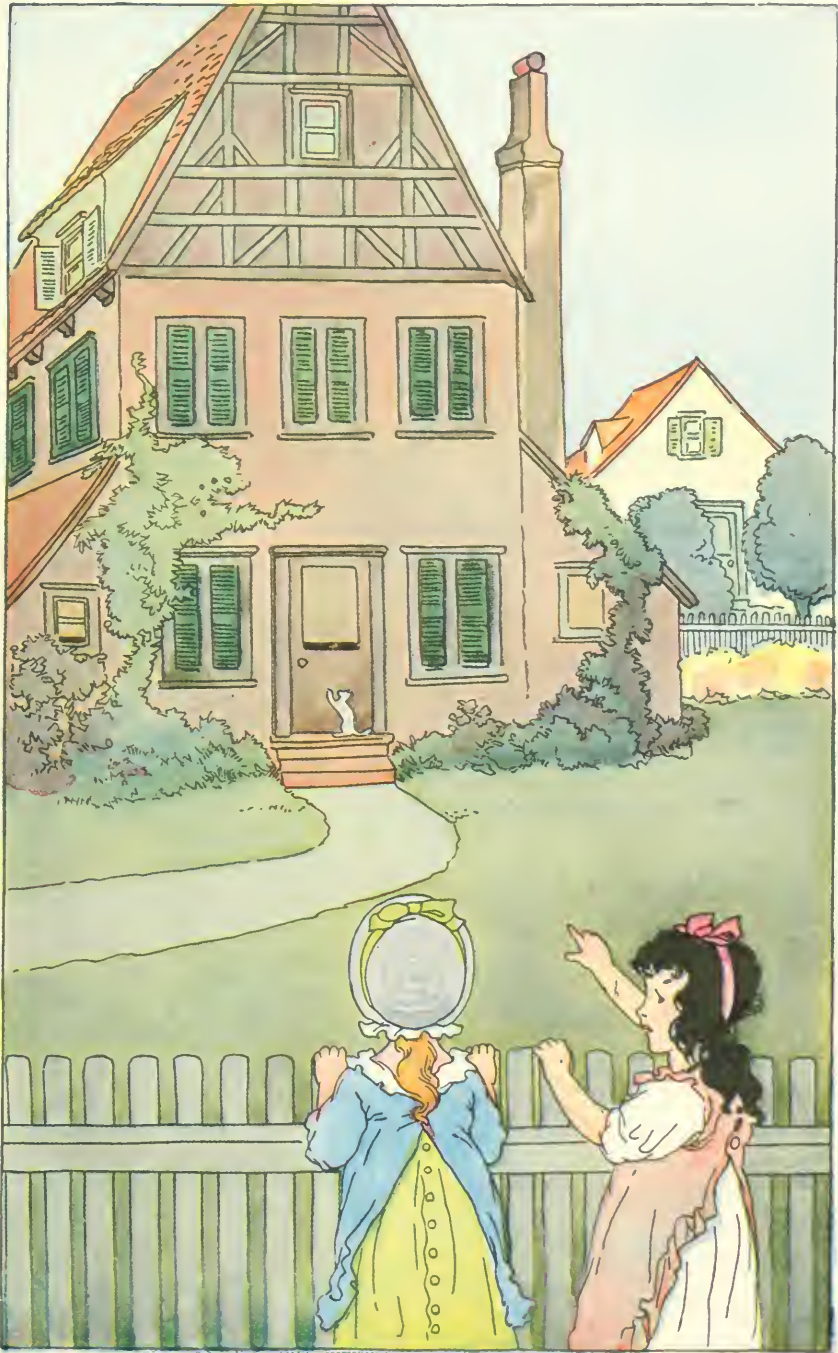
(Crying doesn't mend *anything*,—does it?)



The Thoughtless Neighbors

THE people
In the house next door
Seem rather nice to meet;
But they leave their cat
All summer
Without a bite to eat.

They go away
And leave her—
Poor hungry, lonesome cat!
No person
Who was really kind
Would treat a pet like that.



Who's Afraid? Not I!

WHO's afraid of a tiny mouse?
Not I!

I am proud to say.
But if we'd be friends
With the mouse *hissself*,
He'd eat all the food
On our pantry shelf—
So we *shoo* the mouse away.

Who's afraid of the dark at night?
Not I!

I am proud to say.
I pretend it's light—
And it *does be* soon,
When the sun comes out
Instead of the moon,
And *shoos* the dark away.



The Little Gentleman

EACH time I go to Robert's house,
I feel just like a dunce,
For he has lovely manners,
And he never blunders once.

He does so many thoughtful things!
I've noticed, when I'm there,
If there's a lady standing,
Robert rises from his chair.

He's such a manly little lad,
The finest boy I've met;
I'd like to marry Robert—
But—he hasn't *asked me*—yet.

Closing the Door

WHEN Joe goes out,
The door goes "Bam!"
He just forgets
And lets it slam.
It always upsets
Poor Miss Purvis,
And makes Aunt Lucy
Very nervous.
She says—
(Though Joey she adores)
That well-bred persons
DON'T slam doors.

* * * *

(It's so *easy* to close the door quietly.)





The Willing Practicer

WHEN Ann
Sits down to practice
Her music, every day,
She does it without urging,
And once
I heard her say:
“I think I should
Be quite ashamed,
If I should grow up *tall*,
And I were asked
To play a piece,
And I couldn't *play at all!*”

The Singing Peddler

A SWEET voiced peddler passed our house,
Singing out his wares:
*“Vegetables, fresh vegetables!
Apples, plums and pears!”*
Oh, such sweet tones you never heard—
As he went through our block;
The women all ran after him
And bought out all his stock.

* * * *

(Everybody likes a sweet voice!)

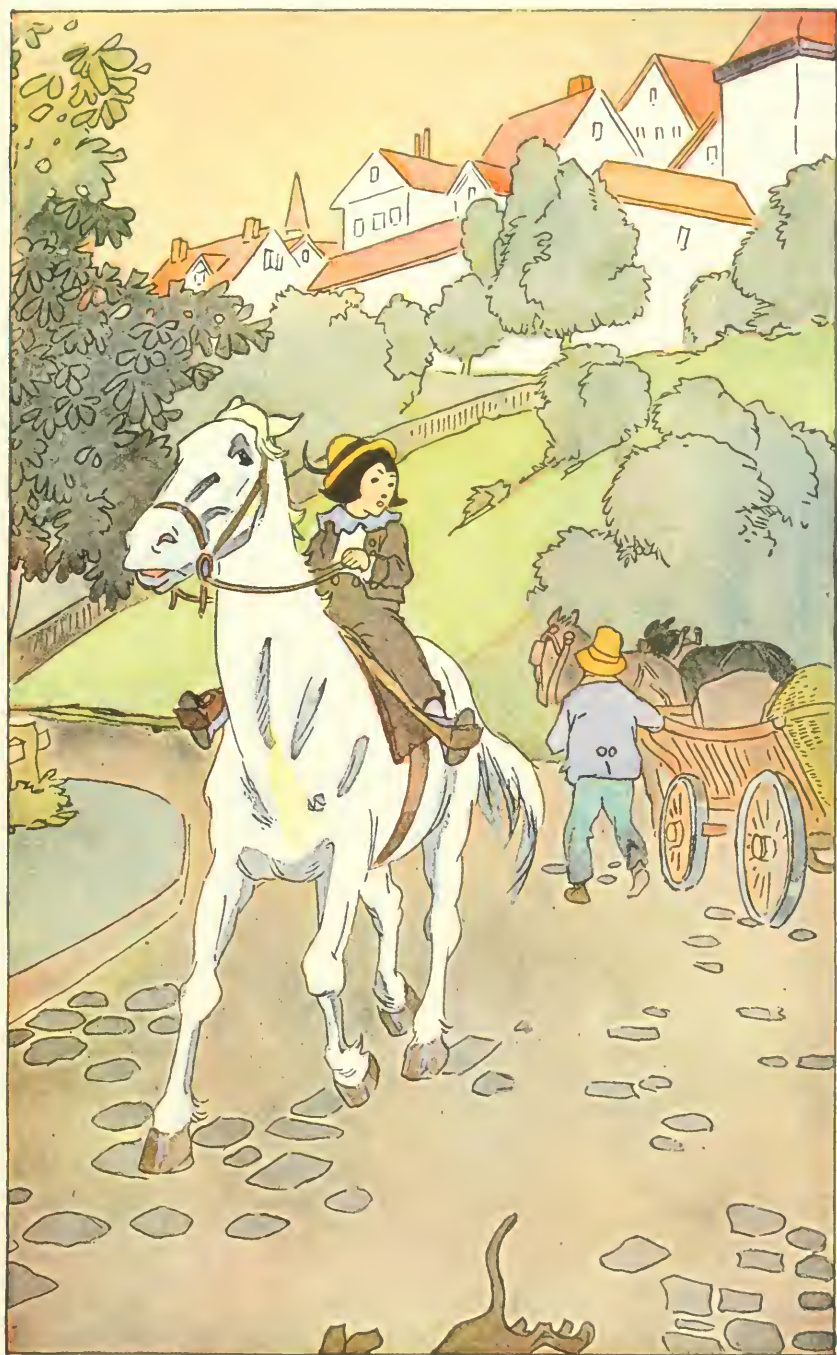


The Dream Playmate

MY FATHER
Often tells me how,
When he was just a little tyke,
He used to have a horse and dog—
And all the games
He used to like.

Sometimes,
I shut my eyes so tight,
And try to picture how 'twould be,
If Daddy were a little boy,
And he should come
To play with me.





Albert's Pet Bunny

ALBERT has a snow-white rabbit,
He always calls it *Bunny*;
It never bites
Nor makes a noise—
Just wiggles its nose funny.
It likes to wander
Down the street,
But Albert will not let it;
He watches *Bunny* *carefully*,
For fear the dogs may get it.

* * * *

(He takes good care of his pet!)



The Stars

MY UNCLE DON brought me a book
About the planets and the stars;
So now, at night, I know the moon,
And look for Venus and for Mars.
It says the earth is like a ball—
It turns around,—and so it's night
In Asia on the other side,
While on *this* side, the sun is bright.
Some stars are other worlds like ours,
With suns that keep them warm by day,
And though they don't seem far from here,
They're many million miles away.
I asked if people live up there,
And Uncle Don said, "That might be!"
My Uncle Don knows *everything*.
I wish I were as smart as he!





Artistic Arthur

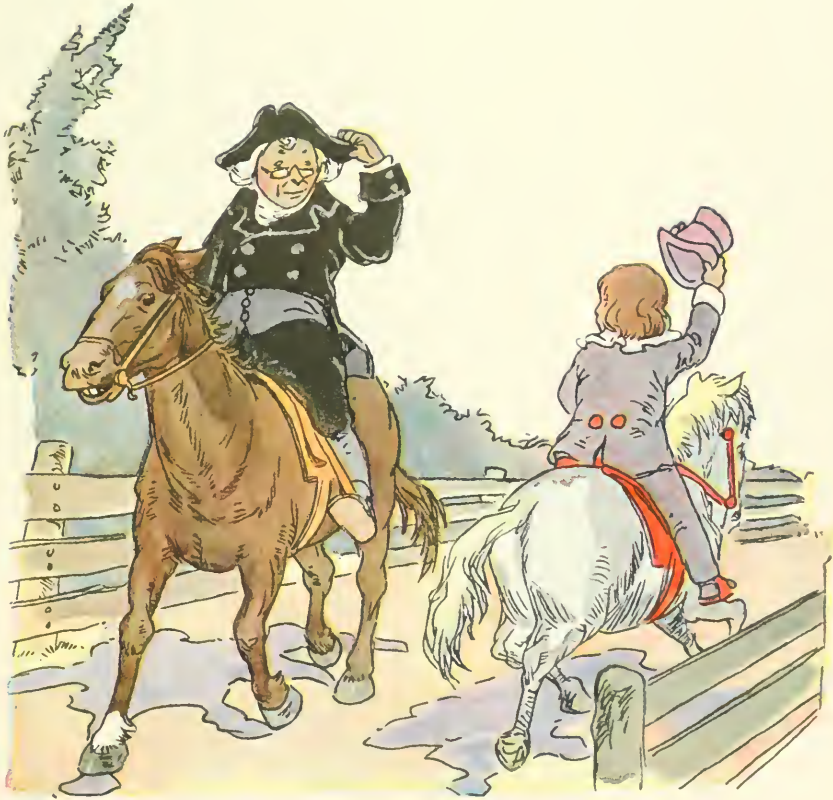
OH, SEE the pretty yellow flowers
The velvet grass—
And blue-blue skies!
How many lovely things one sees
If one has busy, watchful eyes!

* * * *

(Do you like to watch for beautiful things,
too?)

Polite Peterkin

THE parson,
Riding out, one day,
Met Polite Peterkin
On the highway;
Peter took off his cap
And bowed low and smiled,
And the parson exclaimed:
“Oh, *what a dear child!*”



The Little Fibber

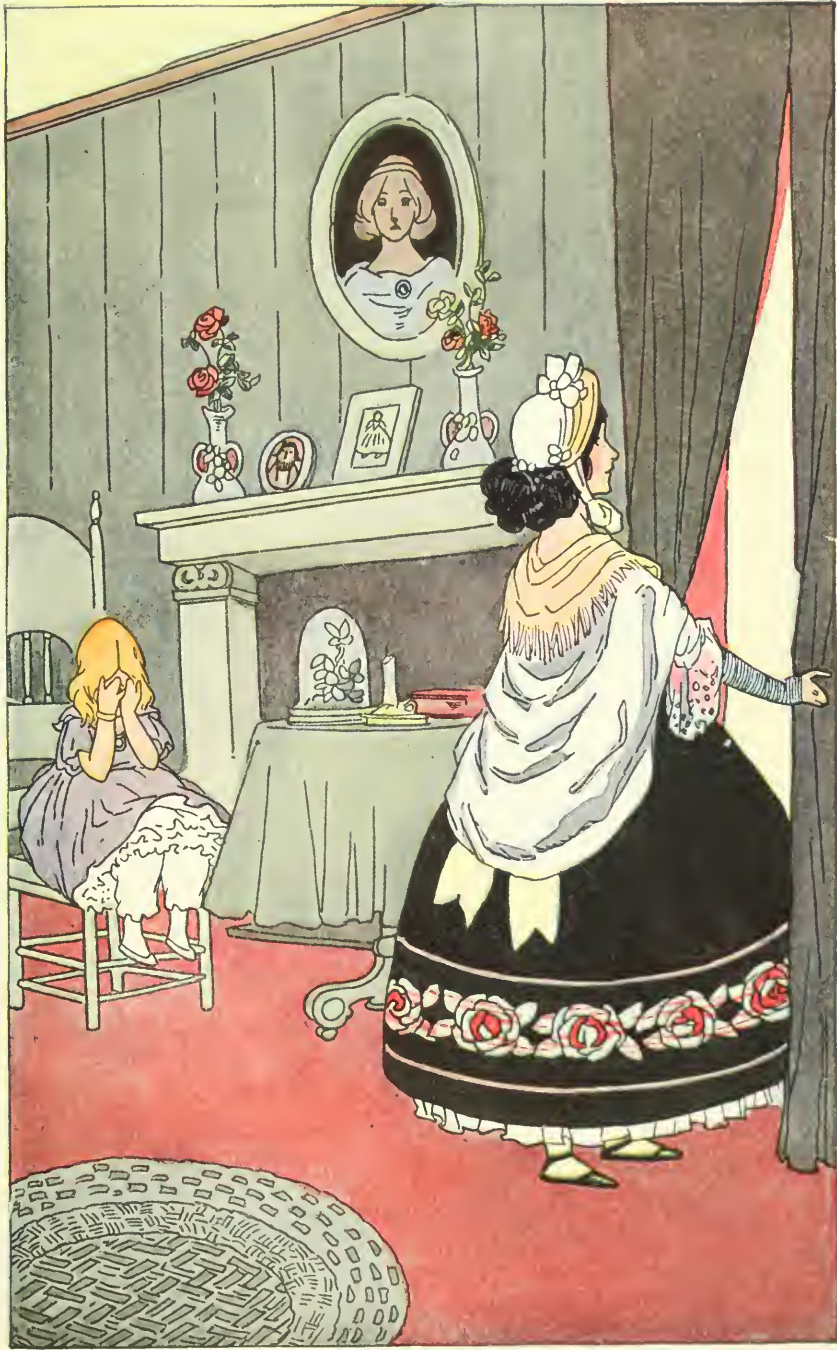
MARY ELLEN
Told a fib.

Oh, dear me!
Oh, mercy me!
Now she cannot
Go with *us*
To Auntie Ruth's
To tea.

She will have to
Stay at home
Until she learns
To speak the truth;
Think of all the fun
She'll miss—
At tea,
With Auntie Ruth.

* * * *

(They always have cakes with frosting on!)



Petticoat Lane

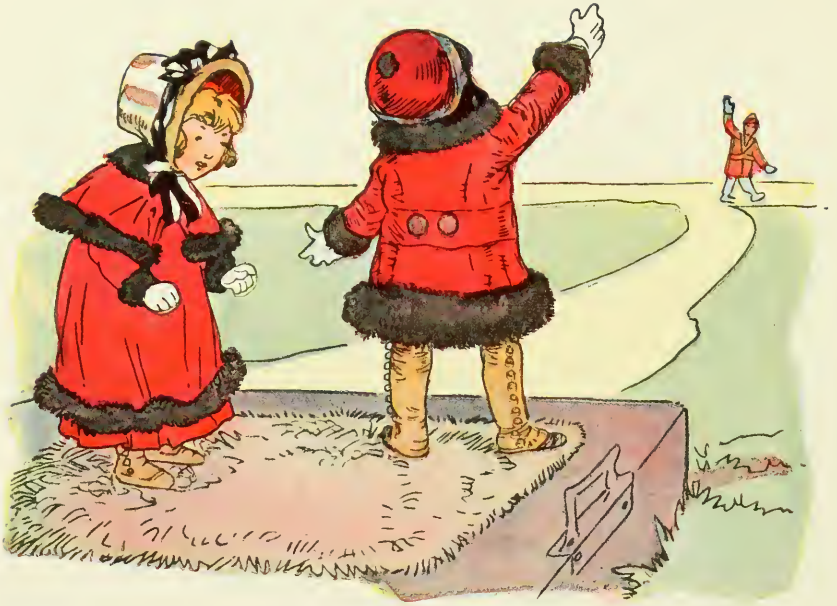
AS I was going
Down Petticoat Lane,
I met a young man
With a tired old horse.
I went up
And stopped him—
Politely,
Of course.

“Your horse is quite thin, Sir,”
I said, “*Poor thing!*
How can you expect it to be any good?”
I begged him
To feed it,
And he said
He would.

* * * *

(The willing horse *helps* him earn his
living, too!)





The Orderly Twins

WHEN Ray and May
Come in from school,
Or when they come from play,
They clean their shoes well on the mat,
And put their wraps away.

Of course, they play
And romp a lot,
And have just stacks of fun;
But they put all their games away—
When playing-time is done.

* * * *

(That is one way they have of *helping*
mother!)

Susan Kindly's Party

SUSAN planned a birthday party.
The invitations read:

"No presents, please, this time, my friends—"
She planned to *give*, instead.

So when Susan's birthday came,
Her guests were gathered there,
And Susan gave each one a toy—
It was a grand affair.



Training the Dog

IF I had a dog
I'd teach him to be
A most lovable dog
As a nice dog *should be*.

He wouldn't bark loud,
Nor the neighbors annoy;
He wouldn't chase cats,
Nor gardens destroy.

The neighbors would know
My dog had been taught—
And that I had trained him
With patience and thought.





Stick-In-The-Mud

STICK-in-the-mud,
Where *is* your pride?³
Shirking your lessons,
The way you do!
Well you know
Your marks are low,—
Could anyone
Be *proud* of you?

* * * *

(People don't often mention their *dull*
relatives!)



The Thank-You Letter

TODAY, I have to write a note,
Because I have a kindly friend
Who sent me candy and a book—
So my *thank-you* I must send.

“Dear friend of mine,” I will begin,
“How kind you were to think of me!
I’m very grateful for your gifts,
And I thank you lovingly.

We are all well and happy here,
Though I fell down and hurt my knee;
I often wonder how you are,
And wish you’d come to visit me.”

* * * *

(And then I add: “Sincerely yours” and
sign my name!)

The Adventurer

SOMETIMES I sit on father's lap
And he shows me, on the map,
The different countries, near and far,
Where all the great big cities are—
Where the wiggly rivers run,—
And oh, but it is lots of fun
To plan to travel, by and by,
To all those strange lands,— he and I.
We'll ride for days and days on trains,
And see the mountains and the plains;
Then on an ocean boat we'll sail—
And maybe I shall see a *whale!*
I guess I must be *almost new*,
Because I have so much to do,
So many places I must go,
So many things I do *not* know.
In pictures of those far-off places
The people have such funny faces;
But father says *that's* just *my* view,—
They think *my* face is funny, too!



Never-Tells and Tattle-Tales

SOME friends
Are little Tattle-tales,
And some just never peep;
The Never-tells
Make lovely chums—
All secrets they will keep.

Beware
Of chatty Tattle-tales!
I'm warning you ahead—
They tattle
Everything you say,
And things *you never said!*

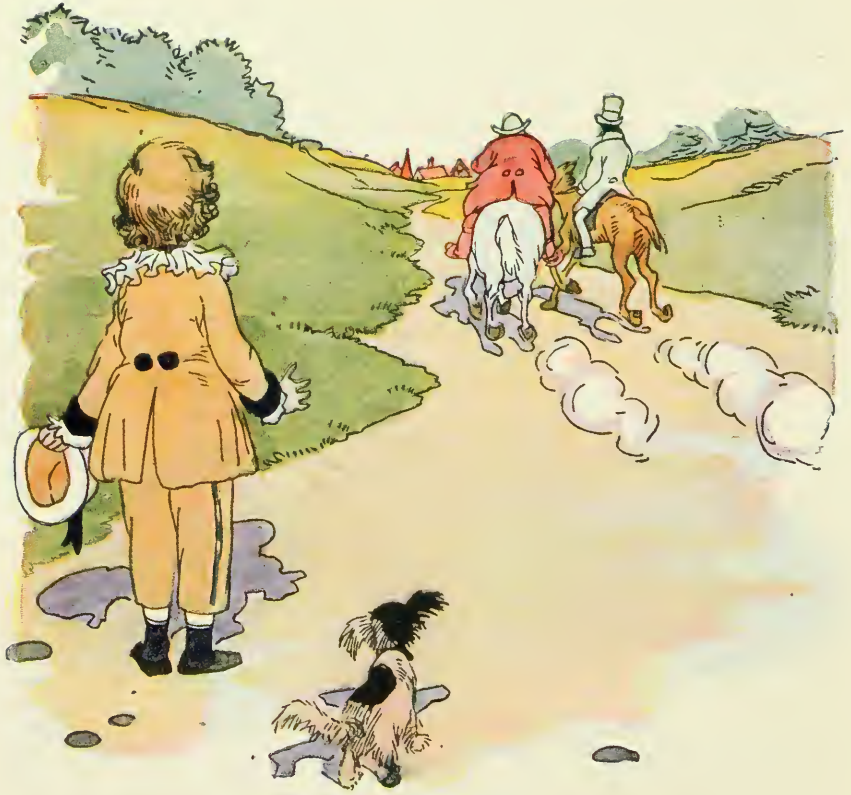


Fanny's Way

DEAR FANNY
Has a winsome way;
She scatters
Happiness about;
She laughs and speaks
In pleasing tones,
I never heard her
Whine nor pout.

For Fanny
Has a Kindly heart,
And Kindly hearts
Make others glad;
When Fanny comes
And smiles at you,
You soon forget
The cares you had.





IF YOU saw a man
With a nice, fat horse,
And then, another you'd see,
Whose horse was thin
And lame and afraid —
Which horse would you rather be?

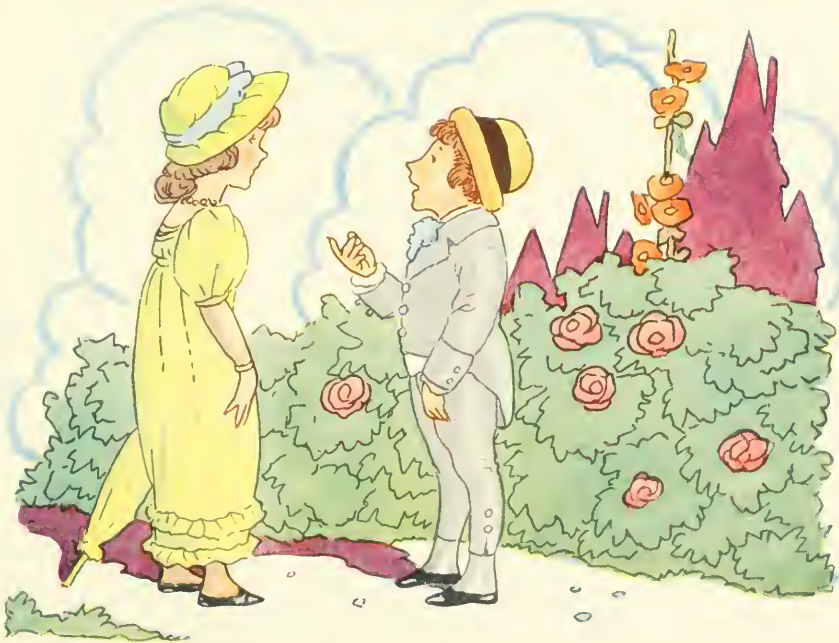
And then, suppose,
In this whole wide world,
You knew no men but these two;
Which man would you choose
To be your *friend*, —
Which one would be *just* and true?

Out Walking

WHERE are you going?"
Asked Benedict Bell;
"I'm going out walking,"
Said Marjory Nell.
"And I will be thoughtful
And very polite,
When others pass by,
I will keep to the right;
For others have rights
On the walk, same as I,—
So I must move over
When others pass by."

* * *

(Marjorie isn't selfish!)



Shameless Abel

ONCE there was
A boy named Abel,
Who often spilled
His food at table.
He had
A dainty sister, Dot,
Who very seldom
Made a spot.
Their mother
Taught them both the same
But Abel
Had no sense of shame.





The Sleep Fairies

HIST! Hist! My little lambikin,
The time for play is gone—
Dream fairies beckon us to bed,
Come, get your nightie on!

All Kindly Children have sweet dreams,
The Sleep Queen from her throne,
Smiles down on every Kindly heart—
She calls them all her own.



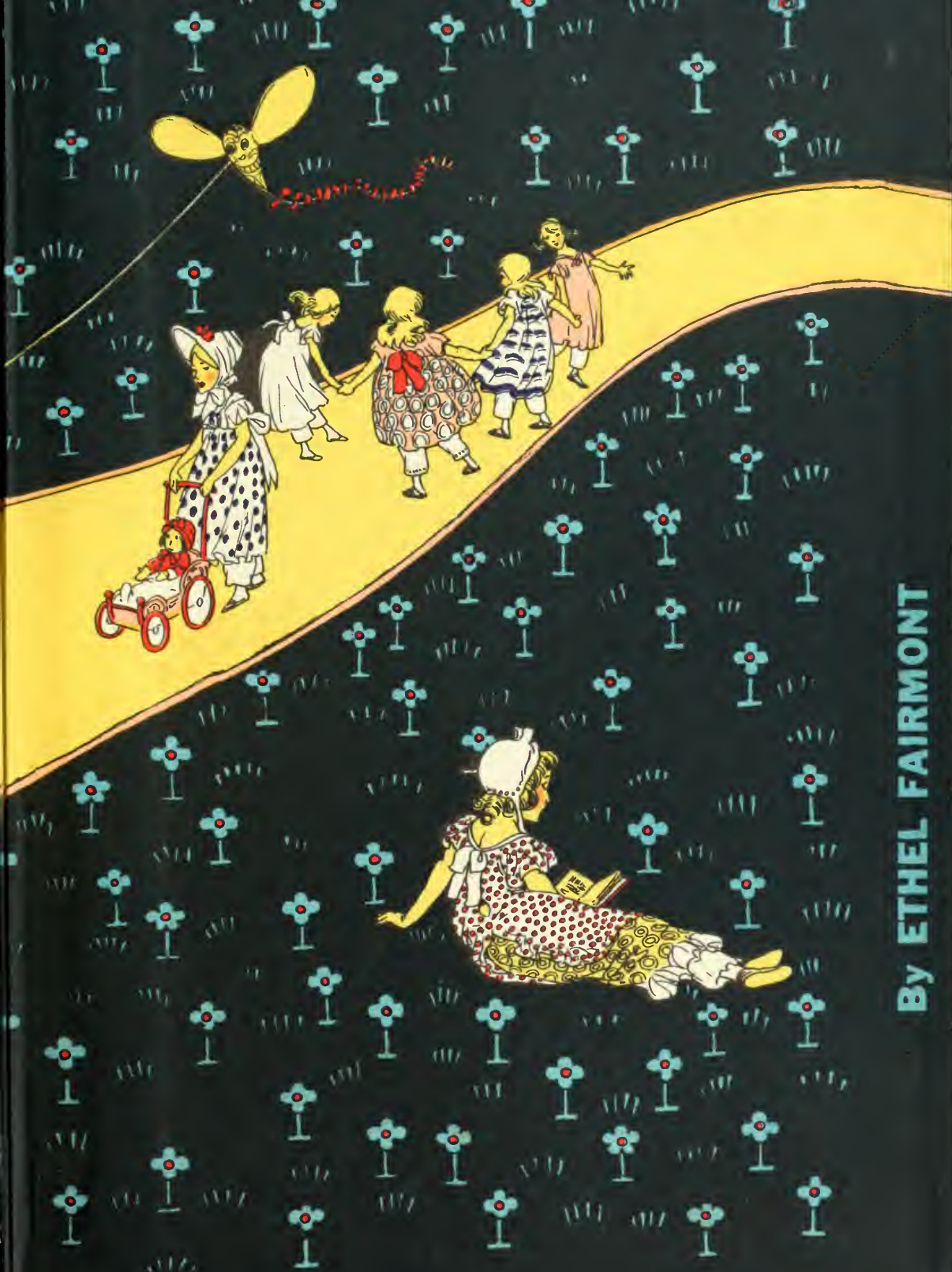


GOOD-NIGHT,
DEARIE!

~~2/10~~ 19

RHYMES FOR KINDLY CHILDREN





By **ETHEL FAIRMONT**



THIS IS ONE OF THE
WISE - PARSLOW
"CHILDREN BOOKS"